

"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne

**G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t!**

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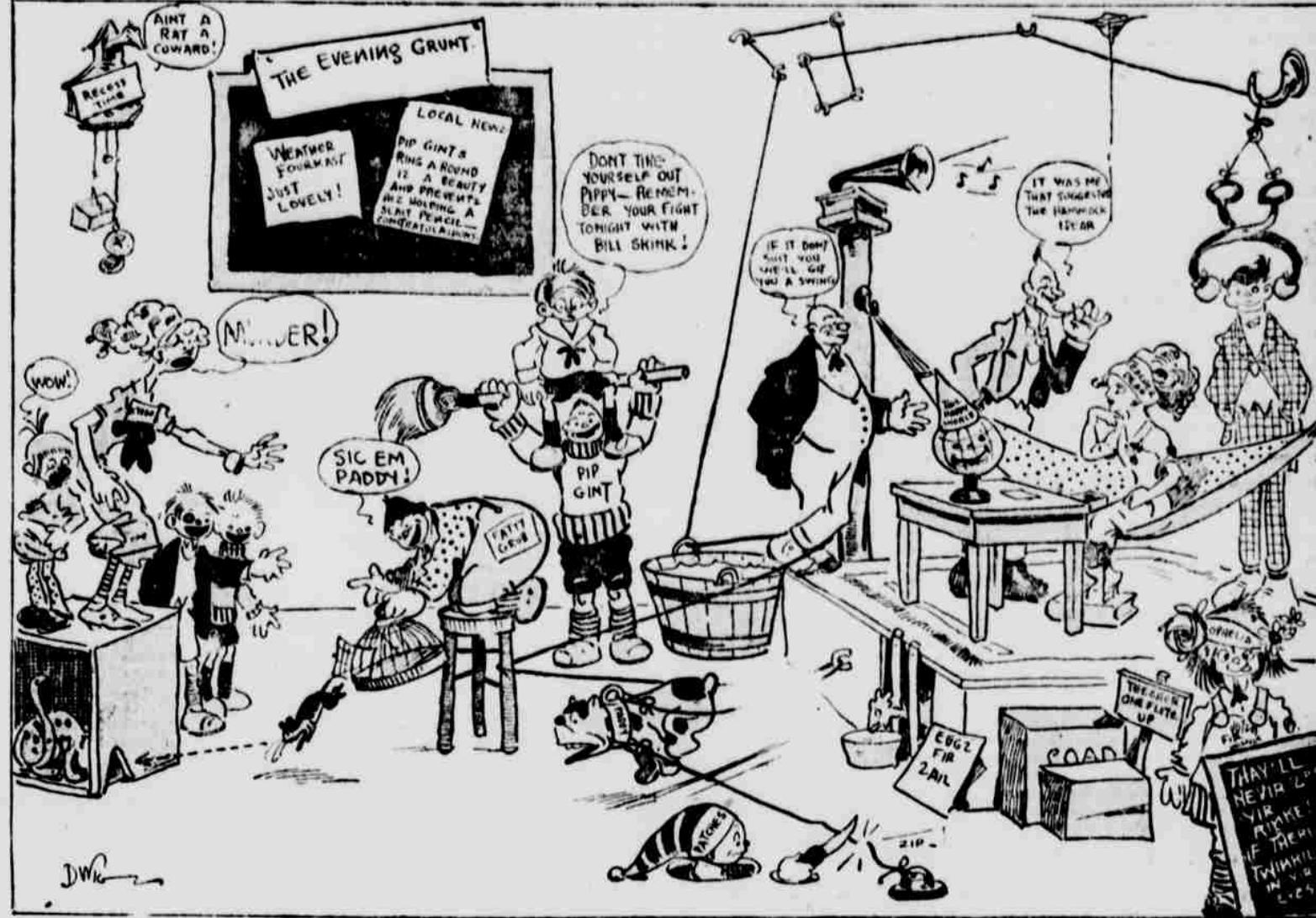
By Ferd G. Long

**Schooldays**

Find "4 aches" and Follow the Strain!

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By Dwig

**"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"**What's the Use of Being Blue?
There Is a Lot of Luck Left.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Leap-Year HeldupsWritten and
Illustrated

By Eleazar Schorer

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"Second-Story Workers."

AH," sighs the young man, settling himself all comf'y in his big armchair in the brightly lighted living room of a cosy second-floor apartment. "She sure will never get me here. It is certainly too chilly out of doors for a girl and Love to venture abroad. I'm safe!"

But he little suspects that Love and the Girl, the two bold second-story workers, are tampering with the window.

And trust THEM to hold him up and steal his heart and hand!

When you're Down they'll Step Right Over you, but when you're Up they've Got To Walk Around You!

It's So Scandalously Hard for Some of Us Just to Behave that the Income-producing Job has to Run Second to That!

The Real Goods is Savoir-Faire Fitted with a Motor!

Carrying Water on Both Shoulders Consists in Pretending to be an Expert while Actually being a Present Incumbent!

Roaring About It takes so Much of our Vitality that we Naturally Drop to the Rear!

The Word is Good as our Bond that we are Shy on Bonds!

The Fellow who Says he Has got Your Number very often Doesn't Know His Own!

Every Time we Decide to Wait a While we have the Mortification of Seeing the Red Board Put Under the Name of the Winner!

We hate to Think of how Many Knockouts we have Administered to Ourselves!

**How N. Y.
Streets Got
Their Names****NO. 15.—THE BOWERY.**

THE Bowery has been called—rightly or not—"the oldest thoroughfare in America." For it was originally an Indian trail, along which the savages of upper Manhattan Island had travelled south to visit their kinsmen whose tepees were nearer the Bay. When the white men came this trail was broadened by them into a country lane.

Petrus Stuyvesant, the peppy old one-legged Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam, built for himself a country home far to northward of the tiny city that clustered about Manhattan's southern shores. And his rich farm lay between his country house and New Amsterdam. The Dutch word for farm is "bowery." And this lane along which Stuyvesant drove to and from New Amsterdam, between the fields and forests of his farm, became known as the Bowery Lane. The name was later corrupted to "Bowery." For years it was the only road connecting the northern part of the island with New Amsterdam. And afterward it was the first section of the post road leading from New York to Boston.

In Revolutionary days the Bowery was built up only as far north as Grand street. From there to Fifteenth street it was lined with fine suburban villas—the summer homes of New York's well-to-do citizens.

It was then and for long afterward—not only New York's chief thoroughfare, but the fashionable driveway of the city. Not until the early part of the nineteenth century did its character gradually change. Then, little by little, the picture-residences gave place to the up-to-date tide of population and the once-stately old street took on a startlingly new character.

**Curious Facts From Here and There.**

ACCORDING to estimates made in Washington, nearly one million women will be eligible to vote for President of the United States in 1912. These women are to be found in the six Western States of California, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, which have granted equal suffrage.

Louisiana is suffering from a box famine. A correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat complains that thousands of boxes of oranges ready for shipment are waiting for boxes, while the box manufacturers say that they have more orders than they can fill. A corner in boxes is rumored.

Seven cents a day was allowed for food by a class of prospective school teachers at the Cincinnati kinder-

**Betty Vincent's
Advice to Lovers****The Unteachable Suitor.**

Tis nearly if not quite the unforgivable sin for a man to tell lies to the girl he pretends to love.

Personally I should prefer that my fiance have a furious temper, or nearly any other fault rather than untruthfulness. Such a falling stroke at the very root from which love grows—the root of trust.

It has always seemed to me that when a girl discovers that the man she loves has lied to her the psychological effect must resemble death. There must be the same frenzied whirling of familiar objects, and then a growing dimness and then the blankness of oblivion. And then one awakes, but to a different world.

Sometimes silence is kinder and wiser than all the truth. But a lover's lie is never even wise, let alone worthy.

Unkind Treatment.

M. L. writes: "I am in love with a young man, but I have been exceedingly unkind to him and now I know he is angry. What shall I do?"

Write him a note apologizing for your foolish behavior.

M. H. writes: "I am in love with a man who seems to care for me. But just now he is living in another State, and although I write him letters I never get anything but post-cards. What shall I do?"

Have a post-card campaign yourself, and see if that doesn't bring you a letter.

M. E. writes: "A young man was paying me much attention, but four weeks ago he suddenly stopped calling without either writing or telephoning excuses. How can I regain his love?"

I don't advise you to try, since he has behaved so discourteously.

N. O. writes: "I am in love with a man who seems to care for me. But just now he is living in another State, and although I write him letters I never get anything but post-cards. What shall I do?"

Have a post-card campaign yourself, and see if that doesn't bring you a letter.

M. H. writes: "I am thirty-eight and in love with a man of twenty-four, who is very anxious to marry me. Do you think our union will be happy?"

The chances are against it. The differences are too great and on the wrong side.

M. H. writes: "I am eighteen and in love with a man to whom my mother objects. He wants me to elope. Shall I do so?"

You are too young to marry against your mother's wishes. Wait till you are twenty-one.

O. writes: "I am not engaged to a man, but when circumstances permit we shall marry. Meantime, may I accept the attentions of other men?"

I do not think you ought to do so. Even though you do not call it an engagement, your promise to marry amounts to the same thing.

N. O. writes: "I wish to send a birthday card to my friend's sister. What shall I write on it?"

"Birthday greetings from a friend, with your name, would be an appropriate message."

The Day's Good Stories**Taking No Risks.**

CAMP CLARK, Kansas, the home of Representative, says that his party didn't want to take any risks in the last election. "According to the Democratic leader, the campaign was conducted in such a way that the most likely way to be beaten for honest dealing."

The other schools say the military and naval bridges across the Missouri river were built strong enough to be dropped over the head of the man who fell into the river and immediately swim for the shore. As they were admiring the rope to the second end he came up, saying, "Well, I can't swim and tie that knot and I can't stand."

Depew's Compliments. SENATOR DEWEY, of a dinner in his honor, said: "I have received many compliments on my wife's cooking, especially her chicken pie. Senator," said he, "you might have tried and seen if she was good, before you ever get below fever and ague."

"Faints-right" was the steady reply. The famous jury caught its breath with an awful little gasp, and sat there rigid.

"How much did you pay for the hat you are wearing?"

"Nineteen cents."

"Are you guilty of the crime that is charged against you?"

"This did the wife influence attempt to establish her veracity, and then convince the jury that she was innocent. But don't forget that this was a jury of women. A verdict of insanity was brought in.—Cleveland Plain Dealer."